The SCEPTRE

November 1931

Low Tide on the Oyster Rocks

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The Conceit of the Man

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A Mississippi Sketch

Edited by Dorothy Edmonson

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The SCEPTRE

The Official Literary Publication of the Students of Queens-Chicora College

FOUNDED 1928

Member of the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

Volume 4 **November, 1931** **Number 1**

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AN APPEAL

The staff of 1931 begins the year with an appeal for the co-operation and support of the entire student body. We wish you to feel that the Sceptre is your magazine, in which you can express yourself, and that it is not the handiwork of the staff alone. We desire the co-operation of all the classes in contributing material, for only with your aid can it really thrive. You can make it what you will. All material is accepted on the basis of literary merit and not because our thoughts coincide with the author's.

At present there is a great deal of controversy over the type of material a college magazine should include. A number of magazines have compromised by combining the comic element with the literary. We feel that we can best achieve our aim by holding up literary ideals and using only that which has literary value.

But to have a well-rounded magazine all types of literature should be included. One is not limited to short stories, poetry, or book reviews. If you are interested in portraying the amusing side of campus life, why not write a familiar essay? Nothing can be more delightful to read. Up to this time very few one-act plays have been printed. Why not work on these?

Also, dear student, read the Sceptre and feel free to offer your criticism and advice. We are open to suggestions.

—*The Editor.*

by Florence Laslie

I KEEP A TRYST WITH NIGHT

The sun turned over and went to sleep,
But the moon sprang up in glee—
For the pious folk had gone to bed
And the Night and I were free.

So we danced and sang, the Night and I,
With a strange abandon sweet;
And the laws that bind all men to earth
Were as naught to my flying feet.

Up, up, I soared 'til I touched the stars,
And the Night was close beside;
Far, far below I could see the place
Where earthly men abide.

Then the Night bent low and whispered things
That the earthlings never knew;
For they slumbered on in their snug warm beds—
Just as earthlings always do.

And all the while the moon kept watch
So men could not wake to see
That tryst of wild, weird loveliness
That was kept by the Night and me.

by Rebekah Locklin Hassell

STRANGER

O Stranger! Think not that my heart is cold
Because you see me tranquil,
But know my heart is full of love of
Surging humanity—
And sometimes that love rolling through me
Makes me sad . . .

So put out your hands, your heart, too,
Stranger . . . I'm not aloof, but sober . . .
And hold my warm, my throbbing heart
Close in the palms of your hands.

by Katherine McLeskey

THE ONE WHO'S BORN

The one who's born to love the
Perfumes of the stars at night,
To catch the sound as flowers
Push their way up toward the light,
To wonder with the ghost of
Day that lingers, grayly clad—
That one was born to live and
Die a lonely man . . . and sad.

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by Edith C. Storm

LOW TIDE ON THE OYSTER ROCKS

Around a curve, down a hill, over a bridge, up a slope, through an avenue of live-oaks, and you are in my Little River. On the left is a cow, solemnly ruminating in a large field; on the right is a weather-beaten building on which is painted in arresting red letters the word "Cafe." A comfortable porch on the other side of the building seems to indicate that this was once a dwelling place before the press of circumstances rendered it necessary to convert the front room into a public eating place.

There is next a large, rambling, white house, surrounded by a fence. Hanging from the lower limbs of a tree is the legend in faded blue, "The King's Highway Inn." In the yard a hunting dog ambles around followed by five roly-poly puppies. A crab net and a gig are propped up in one corner of the fence, and a shrimp-net is stretched along the length of the side fence.

Across the street is a violently yellow house with an equally brilliant red roof. The front window is shaped like a coffin, a fact pointed out with interest to all newcomers. Opposite, set well back among live-oaks are the houses of the doctor and his brother.

We are now up town. On the left is The Cash Store, operated by Mr. Wilbur Bessent and partially owned by Mr. Ellis, who with his long, amiable son lives above. There are always men on the porch, some salesmen, some farmers who have come in for a little trading, some Little River men, some boys, and just men. Inside there is an imitation marble foun-

tain, showing little wear except for leaning purposes and to hold glass jars, dusty, of stale crackers. There is a counter piled with dry goods of all kinds. Cloth, baby bonnets, pencils, ribbons, shoe laces, overalls, lace, shoes, hats, catalogues, belts, buttons, thread, oilcloth, trousers of a particularly ugly yellow-brown with a pin stripe of blue. Scattered around the floor are sacks of grain and fertilizer, an occasional rake or hoe, strands of rope, and an empty box or so. In the rear, one buys barrels of flour, bags of damp sugar, buckets of lard, and other staples from the conglomerate mass on the slightly dusty shelves. And there is the glass counter holding in intimate proximity bars of a bit old candy and plugs of chewing tobacco. In one corner are brooms, nails, and fishhooks. Upstairs are saddles, horse-collars, and other bits of harness. A leathery, fresh, spicy, musty, yet pleasant, odor pervades the Cash Store and binds its several parts together.

Next door is the Post Office in the store of B. G. Gore. It is of the same unpainted weather-boarding as its neighbor, but on its porch are usually young people, drawn there by the young Gores. Inside there is a radio, another tribute to youth, and benches and little tables for those who care for cold drinks and candy. The same wares are displayed, but differently. Little boys' suits are on tables in the center of the floor, and ladies' dresses hang from a rack. The Post Office is a tiny enclosed part of the rear of the store with governmental notices tacked on the walls. On this bulletin board are usually, also, notices of sales and clinics. Near the window of the Post Office are large scales and Mrs. Gore's sewing machine. Mr. Bennie, Miss Rhoda Gore, or either of their two daughters will wait on you.

The Gore home is next to the store. It is low and cozy-looking inside its fence, which now, like the house, is an easy and greyish white. There is almost always a baby or two inside chasing chickens.

The small, one-room, red brick building across the way is the barber shop on Wednesday and Saturday nights. It used to be the bank, but it was not very successful under Mr. Stone, so he uses it now as a grading room for his tobacco in the daytime. When it is closed, its faded green shutters and cobwebby windows give it an air of mystery. Before it and leading to the Tea Room is the only piece of cement sidewalk in town.

The Tea Shoppe is the newest building up town. A long oblong of corrugated tin, it houses the cleanest and most uninteresting rows of canned goods. It boasts a real cash register and cement floor. It sells ice-cream in cones or in little glass dishes at the small home-painted green tables. A bench occupies one side of the room, and customers or hangers-on occupy the bench. This store was opened in the name of "Sister" Stone when her father's store failed.

Mr. Willie's store was in the barn-like structure across the street. It is used as a warehouse now, but at one time it resembled the others and in an ell housed the doctor's office. Some people say it is haunted now; it may be.

We have now come to the cross-roads. Before us lies the road to Calabash; to the left of us, the road to Wilmington; to the right of us, the road to the river. The river road is hilly and rutty, but edged with crepe myrtles and wild flowers. We pass one or two grey cottages, one or two bridges and then . . . the river. Suddenly one comes out of the woods and is under the

ancient bearded oaks. There is a stillness, a hush. The salty air whips about one. The sun makes shadows of dark and light on the motionless green water that reveals the oyster rocks which are usually hidden by the jealous tide. Across the water are the green trees of the Neck. As far as one can see up or down, the moist grey rocks segment this inlet of the ocean. The cold, sullen water guards well the secrets of its deeper parts, the channel; no tide, however low, drains Little River.

Then we become aware of the docks jutting out into the water, the launches, and the row-boats tied to the steps and lying in the soft, grey mud. Crabs scurry in the shallow water or lazily sidle in the sun. Minnows jump up like silver flashes. Bees hum. A crane daintily wets its feet in a pool on a oyster rock. A shrimp, dropped by a fisherman, dries in the sun. There is now the low drone of voices. Fishermen, owners of the graceful launches rocking with the tide who have not gotten parties to go down the river, campers, visitors, and small boys are sitting in the shade of the trees.

To the left is the large, ungainly, naked, unpainted River View Hotel. A straggling wire fence separates it from the landing. Cars are parked in its wide yard under the trees. It has a dock of its own to which is tied a boat which rumor says is a rum-runner. One regrets the hotel. It is the only thing that seems garish and unsuitable to the soft greens and liquid greens and sleepy air of Little River.

by Iris Bryson

WHAT?

It haunts me the whole day through—
The melody rings in my ears—
My eyes slowly fill with tears—
Why does it remind me of you?

The rhythm clings to my very soul
As a bit of it I recall
The music seems to have no goal
I wonder at it all—

My heart takes hold of it
But a most peculiar thing
Is as I try to catch a bit
I find it gone again.

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by Katherine McLeskey

I'M AFRAID

I'm afraid that when I'm dying
I'll forget so many things:
How moonlight shines on roses,
How a far-off night-bird sings,
How the new-mown meadow grasses
Smell, and how a twilight rain
Sounds as it is falling, and the
Glint of sun on summer grain.
I'm afraid I won't remember
Things like these, but I'll still know
That I once found love . . . and lost it,
In a year . . . so long ago.

by Edith Storm

THE CONCEIT OF THE MAN

George Bernard Shaw, G. Bernard Shaw, G. B. S. Those are names to conjure with. What might not they mean! The literary leader of England and perhaps the literary genius of the world. The genial host and dictator of quaint remarks about America. The fiery journalist and critic of London newspapers.

Can you by any stretch of the imagination hear his mother call him "Georgie?" Do you suppose his wife, while she was still a sweetheart, ever teasingly referred to him as "Georgie Porgie?" It seems almost heresy to suggest such a rank impossibility, yet is it an impossibility?

About eighteen years ago, he was called a blond Mephistopheles, but now his sandy hair is white and his pale face is ruddy. Much more benevolent and genial. A man of an assured position is better called a philosopher than a devil. But would any normal man wear such a beard and have such an unruly lock?

Even if he were not quite the man he is acclaimed to be, there would be, of course, curiosity seekers cluttering up his place of residence; yet I dare say such obvious methods of protecting himself are not absolutely necessary. He, like another famous person connected with the stage, Garrick, lived at Adelphi Terrace. His chambers were reached by a staircase rising from a shop on the first floor. A by no means modest sign told the seeker after genius that "Mr. and Mrs. G. Bernard Shaw" resided above. One was met at the top by a wooden gate surmounted by iron spikes. If it were not for this affectation, one might forgive the most efficient secretary who further impedes progress to the great.

In the truly lovely rooms were Shaw and reproductions of Shaw and still more Shaw. A bust by Rodin, a caricature by Max Beerbohm, the model of the proposed one hundred and fifty foot statue of Shaw, the famous "Nude Photograph," copying Rodin's "Thinker," portraits by Augustus John and Alvin Langdon Coburn, besides many, many photographs. His wife may love him and may want to have reminders of him, but since she has the original, one wonders that she needs so many.

But with all his pictures, has he ever seen himself? Perhaps, since he made himself. He once said, "The public imagination demands a best man everywhere; and if Nature does not supply him, the public invents him. The art of humbugging is the art of getting invented in this way." For this purpose he makes himself a "motley to the view," and explains his eccentricities, as did another, as the desire to astonish the wise.

"G. B. S." was the cornerstone of George Bernard Shaw. He had already been started as Cornodi Bassetto, speaking in a column on current music in the "Star." The classical training of his mother gave him a firm foundation for his interesting divergences. But on the "World," "G. B. S." came into active life. He told his secret of journalistic writings. "Spare no labor to find out the right thing to say; and then say it with the most exasperating levity, as if it were the first thing that would come into any one's head." With such a promise we can understand that unique, fantastic, unrepresentative, and inimitable creature, "G. B. S.," who avows, "I am a soul of infinite worth. I play many parts, but no one is more real than another." O, pshaw!

His interest in socialism seems to be genuine

enough, but even in it can be traced the omnipresent shaping of a character. In the Fabian and Zeletical societies, "this natural-born mountebank who first caught the ear of the British public on a cart in Hyde Park to the blaring of brass bands" spoke on any and every subject on any and every occasion. His has been one of the shining lights of the Fabian Society; every one knows that, therefore to have Morell mention that association is not a very delicate reminder. Perhaps he fears he will be overlooked if he does not take care to remind the public of his continued existence.

Always an individualist, he was the violent antagonist of the Robotization of mankind, threatened by the mechanizing process of mass production. From his cry "Call me disagreeable, only call me something, for then I have roused you from your stupid torpor and made you think a new thought," we catch a glimpse of the reformer who reduces to the absurd all views with which he does not agree. But in the reformer we might excuse an excess of egotism, because he needs, he must have, confidence in himself in order to push through the dead mass of popular inertia.

After having heard of him for some time, America recognized Shaw as a brilliant and witty person entertaining through the medium of the stage. All Europe, believing the advertisements, declared him a man of ideas. England finally acknowledged him. George Bernard Shaw was complete except for the trimmings and embellishments that can be added from time to time as necessary. He was then the great man he had singled himself out to be. He was then accepted in the remarkable position he had so candidly assumed.

Then in his own way he could say, "In England as elsewhere the spontaneous recognition of really original begins with a mere handful of people and propogates itself so slowly that it has become a commonplace to say that genius, demanding bread, is given a stone after its possessor's death. The remedy for this is sedulous advertisement. Accordingly, I have advertised myself so well that I find myself, while still in middle life, almost as legendary a person as the Flying Dutchman."

Mr. Shaw modestly says he is a god in America and therefore dares not visit us lest we discover him the humbug Rodin said he was. He so patiently admits his conceit, that we should not shrink from viewing his clay feet.

George Bernard Shaw was created, it may be, because Georgie Shaw was such a failure. When his people were in need, he was not able to become a financial success as a land agent in Ireland. Nor did the young Irishman do himself credit as a business man in London.

Perhaps this sense of being beaten caused Shaw to refuse to play the accepted game and to invent a new one of which he alone knew the rules. His lack of university training, he compensates by running down higher education. His strangeness as a young foreigner he intensifies by being even more strange. Self-conscious of his failures he felt the need for exaggerated self-assertion, but in desiring praise and approbation perhaps he went too far.

"The love of praise, no matter how concealed by art,
Reigns more or less and glows in every heart;
The proud to gain it toils on toils endure,
The modest shun it but to make it sure."

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by Lottie Lane Joyner

CYCLE

Like prim old maids in freshly starched
And dun colored dresses,
Carefully neat, with every hair in place
They lie before the eye
In regular, patterned precision,
The newly plowed fields.

Like fresh young girls in dainty laces
And cool summery frocks
With lips ready for kisses, ripening for love,
They dance before the eye
In lush, emerald profusion,
The green, growing fields.

Like mature women in cloth of gold
Rich with promises come true
And in a glorious blaze of life
They stand before the eye
In golden waving luxury,
The fields ready for harvest.

Like careworn, broken women in dull gray
And worn out calico,
Tired, wrinkled and forsaken
They sigh before the eye
Spent and guttered of energy
The desolate, wintry fields.

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by Emily Cooper

A MISSISSIPPI SKETCH

In a small town in the northern part of Mississippi there lived a Mrs. Cavanaugh who had as her faithful servant, Martha Washington Cavanaugh. Martha had been with the family for many years and practically ran the family.

One morning Mrs. Cavanaugh came into the kitchen and found Martha eager for conversation.

"Lawd, Missus, tell me, honey, is it the truf I hear you is a 'ristocrat, an' all dis time I thot you is a good democrat?"

It took sometime for Mrs. Cavanaugh to soothe poor Martha and explain to her that she could be both. Martha became her happy self again when Mrs. Cavanaugh promised that she might go to the big wedding which she had been talking about so much of late.

The next morning when Martha came to work she was not her talkative self; therefore, her mistress began to question her about the wedding.

"Lawd, Missus, that sho' was the most beautifulest wedding I ever has seed. The church was all decorated in harmonize black and yellow and, Lawd, you'd ought to hab seed that preacher! He had on one of dem collars dat don't stop in front but jes keep on goin' and a long tail coat dat almost tech the floor. The flower girls wuz carrin' golden rod and they looked powful 'pressive till de bride come in. She all dress up in green with a long train of skitter net. I jes held m' bref when dey started playin' dat Methuselah weddin' march."

Here Martha's story ended abrubtly and she began to busy herself with the dishes.

Mrs. Cavanaugh noticing her confusion asked in a somewhat perplexed manner. "How was the groom dressed?"

"Lawd, Missus, that good fo' nothin', low down nigger never did show up."

by ***Rebekah Locklin Hassell***

BRONZES

Gren water oozes past the stakes
That hem the mud bank safely in;
Raft blocks each raft against the gray
Stone wall where castle-moat has been—

Between these banks the sampan glides.
The boatman swings the eternal oar
To measured droning hum. His load
Is mud for building up the shore.

No breath disturbs the glaze
Nor cools the unclad boatman's brows;
But summer broadly beams on him
Whose bronze body like a statue glows.

The
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November
1861
◆

by Lou Martin Miller

THE JOURNEY OF A BABY'S SOUL

Where does the soul of a baby go
At the end of its little day?
Out into spaces of sunshine?
Into a world of play?

Does it go to the starlit shadows
As an echo that follows song,
When tiny white eyelids flutter-close—
And a little white soul is gone?

Does it go as a bit of fragrance
From a beautiful wilted rose?
Does it go as a bit of stardust
That's gone where only God knows?

Does it go to a land of happiness
Joy, and laughter and play?
Does it go where sorrow and sadness
Will never darken the day?

It has gone as only the tiny souls go
After having passed under the rod
Out through the starlit mysteries
Into the land of God.

by Clare Hazel

MY EXPERIENCE WITH WORDS

Words have always been a sort of mystery to me, a mystery which I would like someday to explore and investigate. However, I have betrayed this interest of mine, for in spite of various resolutions I have been too lazy to study words as I should.

It has always been much easier for me to use my mother for a dictionary; and when she has failed me, I've rather half guessed at the meaning of the word and gone on with my reading. Perhaps it is unthoughtful to be forever asking someone else the meaning of words, not thinking to notice that they may be busy and wish to be left to themselves. But, it's surely troublesome to have to put down the book you're reading, go over to the bookcase, and lug out the heavy old dictionary. By the time you've looked up the word and have returned to your book, you've lost the gist of the story; at least I always have.

From now on though, I'm going to do as my teacher has suggested. I'm going to get a little notebook, and each time I come across a word in reading or in speech that I don't know, I'm going to take it down. Then, when I have some spare time I shall look up all the words and put down their meanings. After doing that, I'll practice writing and speaking these words. My vocabulary will increase and increase, and pretty soon I shall have a marvelous word command, and everyone will wonder at my brilliance.

However, I have said all this dozens of times before. Each time I study words in English I make this same resolution. I start out doing rather well, and then before long I find myself slipping inch by inch

away from my new course and soon I am in the old easy going way again.

I remember too, when I started studying Latin, Mother told me how much a knowledge of that language would help me in learning the meanings of English words. That subject permanently helped me in the study of words. So very many of our words are either derived from Latin, combinations of Latin words, or actual Latin words themselves. I found that, after studying Latin for only a little while, I was constantly discovering new words of Latin derivation whose meanings I could puzzle out without the aid of a dictionary. And so it is after the study of French also.

I could go on and on in a discussion of words, for that subject is practically inexhaustible. But I shall only add this: I am a college student now, and I feel that when I go out, a little more is expected of me and of my conversation; I am sincerely going to try to live up to a new resolution; that resolution is, not only to add to my vocabulary, but to learn when and how to use new words.

by Marion Townend

BOOK CHAT

"Come in, come in. Well, you look very professional with your pencil and notebook in hand . . . What is this—an interview?"

"Yes, indeed. The *Sceptre again.* Thank you, I'll sit here. I have to fill up a page or so about books for this issue. Do tell me what you've been reading lately."

"Reading! Why, you don't suppose I read anything besides the literary outpourings of ninety earnest Freshmen, do you? Would you like to hear about themes, descriptions, or some thrilling papers on capital letters?"

"Now Mrs.———"

"Really, I have some which are most unusual, really startlingly new in idea—especially concerning capital letters! But I'll try to help you . . . Get the pencil ready, although its not professional for a reporter to use one. I prefer it though, so you won't quote me as enjoying "Let Miserable" by Victor Herbert or Victor Hugo or Victor Record or something."

"Let's see—what have I been reading? I read a few old ones this summer. I wish I could describe the place where I found them. It was in Maine on Lake Sebago. But that isn't about books. In the camp was the most interesting library of books from floor to ceiling. Books everywhere. I read an old one by Arnold Bennett, *Buried Alive* (delightful plot); a funny one by Irvin S. Cobb *Speaking of*

Operations; The Art of Thinking by Ernest Dimnet. Would you like to hear about any of them? No?"

"Well, there was another one not quite so old. *Catherine Paris* by Princess Bibesco, a really live princess. The book had a jargon—if one might so express it—all its own, the language of the near extinct nobility of Europe. If you'd like to know how they live, what they think and do, read this. It's written by a thoroughly disillusioned one who knows.

"I read Willa Cather's *Shadows on the Rock* recently. It was a picture—still, in soft greys and browns. The girl, however, which she so sympathetically presented as the heroine, received a very disappointing fate—disappointing to me anyhow.

"One of the Book of the Month Club choices this fall was a thin volume called *S. S. San Pedro* by Cozzens. It was a fictitious version of the sinking of the *Vestris* which happened not so long ago. It was thrillingly told, not in the conventional sea-story way, but through splendid characterization. The *Pedro* sinks because of the impotency of a senile captain.

The Story of Julian by Susan Ertz is another Book of the Month Club selection. I didn't enjoy it nearly as much as I did her *Now East, Now West.* In the first place the story is about every one except Julian, and in the second place the author has a changing viewpoint. Now we see life through Julian's boyish eyes, then through the eyes of the many confusing (and confused) adults who live in his world. The book contains some good writing, clever lines, and a penetrating insight into character—but rather disappointing in toto.

Dwarfs Blood was more satisfactory. Edith Olivier is the author. There is discussed the differ-

ences between a dwarfed body and a dwarfed soul. The tall strong man may have the latter, the author tells us. A psychological novel well worth reading.

"I've been reading a book called *Living Philosophies,*" a symposium, about which I could express myself in chapters, had I the space. The book contains just what the title indicates . . . the philosophies of living people . . . Einstein, Mencken, Dean Inge, Dreiser, H. G. Wells, Julia Peterkin, and many others . . . I'm afraid one should have a rather stable personal philosophy before beginning this book or he will soon be at sea. He must be fortified for great skepticism. But it is very interesting, this business of looking into people's minds to discover their credos.

"I suppose everyone has read *"The Story of San Michele"* by Dr. Axel Munthe—that current autobiographical thriller. Whether it's true or not—or exaggerated the way Mark Twain's death was, its absorbingly interesting. It's about everything, everything and everyone seen through the eyes of a very versatile, much traveled, keen doctor. San Michele is the name of a beautiful haven he has made on an island off the coast of Italy—a place of rest for birds and for him and for his friends. The foundations and stones are ancient pillars of an older civilization, dug out of the ground. The great Eleanora Dusé gave the stained glass windows. But San Michele is only part of this man's active life.

"Well, it's getting dark. It does so early these fall evenings. Before you go though, look at that book I'm reading now. It's right beside you. Huge, isn't it? But look at the title page. When I began to read it, I thought I was reading just a biography of Rembrandt by our own Hendrik Van Loon—but look at the title.

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◆

R. U. R.
Being an account of the last years and death
of one
Rembrandt Harmenzoon Van Rijn
a painter and etcher of some renown
by one
Johannes Van Loon
Doctor Medecinae and Chirugeon in Extraordinary

---

presented for the first time
provided with a few critical notes etc.
by his
Great-great grandson—*nine times* removed
Hendrik Willem Van Loon 1930

"Now who says there's nothing new under the sun? There is our Van Loon editing a book written by his great-great-great- (anyway nine times removed) grandfather who was the doctor of the famous Rembrandt himself. We'd better search our attics. Maybe one of us has a nine times great-uncle who was official barber to Peter the Great!

"Do come again. Please don't thank me. The pleasure is all mine, when the discussion is about books."

by Edith Storm

THE LOVE OF LAND

The Good Earth, Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company. $2.50. 375pp.

Though the scene of *The Good Earth* is laid in China, it might be anywhere. The narrative is universal in its appeal and application. It is China, but not the exotic and mysterious dragon-country of which we usually read. The contents of the book breathe the life of China in its rice fields, in its courtyards, in its tea shops, and in its time of famine. But Wang Lung might be any land-loving man of any country.

We follow his life from his wedding day to his death. We see him rise from a poor farmer, who seeks his slave-bride at the door of the House of Hwang, to the rich man who lives in the home of the Hwangs, who when they sold their land, lost all. Love of land is the ruling passion in the life of Wang Lung. Taking silver from his girdle gives him an acute physical pain, but he gladly parts with pieces when he gets great plots of land in return. He faces starvation rather than sell a foot. He finds more joy, in his acres than in the faithful services of O'Lan, the slow, enduring mother of his children. The fields interest him more than his children and the lovely lady that is his second wife.

We are somewhat impatient of his worship of the rich dark soil, but we sympathize with the old man when he hears his sons plotting to sell the land for which he has labored. His philosophy is that a family

falls when it is dispossessed of its property, and this story exemplifies that belief.

Mrs. Buck, who has lived all her life in China, tells her story sincerely and accurately. Her style is simple, forceful, direct, and graceful. Altogether *The Good Earth* is a book well-worth reading.

LUCILLE PERMANENT WAVE SHOPPE

SHAMPOOING - MARCELLING - FACIALS
BOBBING - MANICURING - HAIR DYEING
EUGENE PERMANENT WAVING
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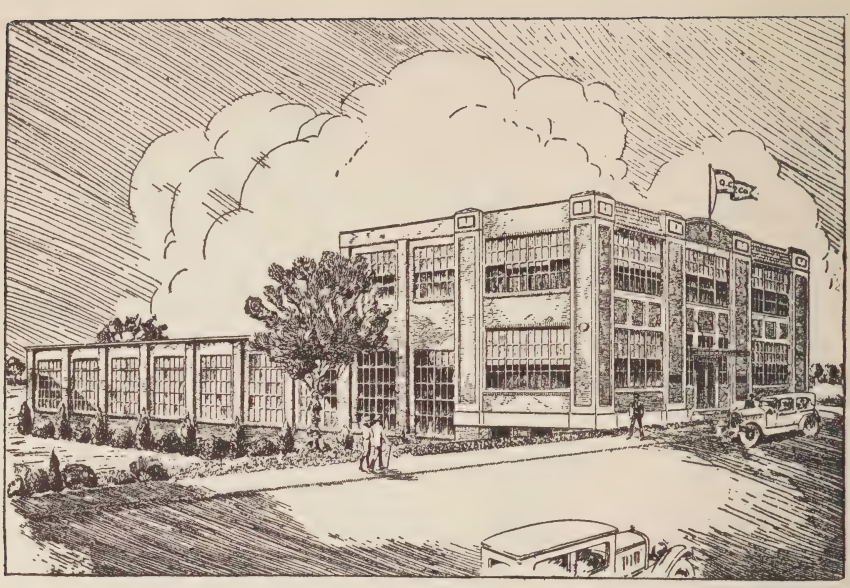

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